

SOLOMON

Warneford

DE

E. Coll. Oxon. E. C. C. C.

MUNDI VANITATE.

P O E M A

MATTHÆI  PRIOR Arm. *K*

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Schol.

O X O N I Æ,

E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,

MDCCXXXIV.

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MUNDI VANITATE

P O E M A

AMM

MATTIOR



LATINA REDDITUM

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MDCCLXXIV

HONORABILI JUVENI

Johanni Wallop Arm.

HONORATISSIMI VICE-COMITIS

DE

LYMINGTON

FILIO NATU MAXIMO

LEVE hoc munusculum, Juvenis or-
natissime, in Schola *Wintoniensi* nu-
per absolutum, Tibi humillime of-
ferri patiaris. Quod Te amice accepturum
nullus dubito, quum in studiis prosequendis
astrictiori quadam Necessitudine Tibi propius
assidens, penitus perspexerim, quanta morum
sua-

suavitate sis; quam humanioris Literaturæ
amans. Licebit de his nugis quodammodo glo-
riari; siquid forsan oblectamenti, quantulum-
cunque sit, Tibi inde proveniat; Tibi, Viri
illius Honoratissimi Filio, cujus si effusam in
me meosque Benevolentiam profiteri dubita-
rem, indignus viderer qui expertus essem.
Quem, arduum Virtutis Exemplar, faxit Deus,
strenue imiteris; mores eximios avide imbi-
bas; vestigia propius sequaris: ut cum anni
accreverint provectiores, quanto jam *Wicca-*
micis, tanto Patriæ sis ornamento.

Tibi Devotissimus

28 MR 59

Tuique Observantissimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

S O L O M O N

De MUNDI

VANITATE.

S C I E N T I A :

LIBER PRIMUS.



S C I E N T I A :

LIBER PRIMUS.

AUdite, O Gentes; Linguis Animisque favete:
 Suadet Amor, veraxque jubet Sapientia fari,
 Quæ mihi sollicito versat sub Pectore Musa,
 Vana docens quæcunque agimus, quæcunque putamus.
 Quòd septem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
 Per Rupestque Periclorum, Lacrymisque fluentes
 Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
 Lassatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
 Quòdque pari à Cunis fortimur Lege Tumultus
 Affectusque leves, Curasque & Inania Rerum;
 Jamque aderit cum summa Dies, Hoc scire erit unum,
 Nos omnes (tristi meditor quod dicere Versu)
 Gaudia ficta sequi, verisque Doloribus ang.

Pax Animi, usque adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
 Vitæ, sic falsò dictæ; Versumque sequacem
 Ludere mobiliter lasciva, Volatilis Umbra,
 Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,

Cre-

St. John Newton, Philosopher

KNOWLEDGE:

THE FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with just Regard attend,
 Observe the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
 Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
 That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
 That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
 O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
 Destin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
 Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.
 That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
 Of Follies, Passions, Labors, Tumults, Cares;
 And at Approach of Death shall only know
 The Truths, which from these penfive Numbers flow,
 That We pursue false Joy, and suffer real Woe.

Happiness, object of that waking Dream,
 Which we call Life, mistaking; Fugitive Theme
 Of my pursuing Verse; Ideal Shade;
 Notional Good, by Fancy only made,

Credulitasque fovet; mendaci Luce coruscans

Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignēs.

O Fons Curarum, captæque Insania Mentis!

Quòd si forte Deus Te designasset ADAMO,

Aut unquam Munus tantum indulisset habendum

Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuisses:

In nostros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,

Toto Fonte sinus, plenamque inverteret Urnam.

[creasset,

At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra suprema

Cum nondum steterat jacto fundamine Terra,

Decretum est, vanos tentante Cupidine Nisus,

Ut sine fine petita recederet usque Voluptas;

Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita suadente Magistra;

Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile sentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri carissima Proles,

Deliciæ Populi, Solio sublimis Ebræo,

Augustas Aedes tota cum dives Ophiro

Ornâram, famaue extremo Oriente ferebar;

Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,

Robore nobilitante artus, Dulcedine vultum;

Cum mihi lucida Mens factis Conceptibus aucta,

Ingenium velox, solidumque vigeret acumen;

Heus

And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
 Whose dancing Beams mis-lead our fond Desire,
 Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
 O! had'st Thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
 To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
 Entire, had been reserv'd for SOLOMON:
 On Me the partial Lot had been bestow'd;
 And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
 E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
 It was, 'opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
 That Joy, still fought, should never be attain'd.
 This, sad Experience cites me to reveal;
 And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
 Dear to my People, on the Hebrew Throne
 Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treasures blest,
 My Name extended to the farthest East,
 My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
 Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
 My shining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
 Quick my Invention, and my Judgment found;

Arise

Heus surgas, (habita est mecum Sententia) surgas,
 Ut Felix, Meditare; ut sis Magnus, Sapere aude:
 Pectoris exornatur Pax inconcussa Sciendo;
 Nam Scire est ipsi Virtus cognata J. H. V. M.

Hæc fatus, veneranda dedi mandata per Urbes:
 Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum imminensa Corona;
 Historicos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt;
 Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores:
 Audieram attentus; tandem dubitata loquebar:

Per Terras quodcunque Viret, seu Planta, vel Arbor,
 Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ sit Natura, quis Ordo,
 Me bene nôsse ferunt, ea nostri Fama vagatur,
 A Cedro excelsa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
 Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
 Serpentem ad Muscum, & diffusam Mænia circum
 Hyssopum: tamen ah! mihi conscius Ipse fatebor
 Mille animum implicitos scrutantem eludere Nodos.

Me latet, emissis cur Fagus plurima ramis
 Undique luxurians teretem exspatiatur in umbram;
 Dum celsis decrescit Apex sub imagine Coni
 Abjetibus, nubes & cuspide scindit acuta:

Cur

Arise, (I commun'd with my self) arise;
 Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wise:
 Content of Spirit must from Science flow;
 For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I said; and sent my Edict thro' the Land:
 Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* stand,
 Historic Leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,
 The Old discoursing, as the Younger read:
 Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said:

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
 It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree,
 I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
 From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
 Of *LEBANON* nodding supremely tall,
 To creeping *Moss*, and *Hyssop* on the Wall:
 Yet just and conscious to my self, I find
 A thousand Doubts oppose the searching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
 With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
 Whilst tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* form arise,
 And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:

Nor

Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
 Q Auguſti capitis varium tranſmutat honorem;
 Dum gerit æternam Taxus ſibi fida Juventam,
 Ramo ſemper eodem, immutatoque colore.
 Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha?
 Cur nigram ſe animat felicius Umbra Cupreſſum?
 Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque ſedem,
 Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent;
 Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
 Et circum Montes umbracula neſcit Oliva?
 Cur Coelum haud aliud, Locus haud diverſus, amiſtu
 Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ſora,
 Lilia inornatos patitur pallescere vultus,
 Cæruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit?
 Cur Carophyllon amat laſcivum pandere ſoli
 Tot varios una naſcentes ſtirpe colores,
 Dum ſibi diſſimilis Tulippa aſurgit in auras
 Partitis radiis, duplicique inſignis honore?
 q Brachia tortile Jaſma, Roſæque rubentia labra
 Mane novo fundunt redolentes prodiga flatus;
 Narcifſus, cum Junquela fragrante, fatetur
 Fortius infuſas hauſiſſe à Veſpere vires.
 Dicite, ſylveſtres Fætus, Floresque tenellos
 Unde agit occulti diverſa potentia Fati?

Cur

Nor why again the changing *Oak* should shed
 The Yearly Honour of his stately Head;
 Whilst the distinguish'd *Yew* is ever seen,
 Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
 Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
 Why does the *Cypress* flourish in the Shade?
 The *Fig* and *Date*, why love they to remain
 In middle Station, and an even Plain;
 While in the lower Marsh the *Gourd* is found;
 And while the Hill with *Olive*-shade is crown'd?
 Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
 The blushing *Poppy* with a crimson Hue;
 Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet*
 blue?

Why does the fond *Carnation* love to shoot
 A various Colour from one Parent Root;
 While the fantastic *Tulip* strives to break
 In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak;
 The twining *Jasmine*, and the blushing *Rose*,
 With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose:
 The smelling *Tub'rose* and *Junquele* declare,
 The stronger Impulse of an Evening Air.
 Whence has the Tree (resolve me) or the Flow'r
 A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?

P. B.

Why

Cur eadem tellus, cœlum, amnis, spiritus idem
Ad vitam levat hunc, ad funera deprimit illum?

Quæ porro Causis

Quæ oritur Causis, *Animata* (ut nomine *Plantæ*
Sensus inest? sese unde movet, tactumque refugit?
Unde sequi imperium faciles didicere capilli,
Et tremere admotam celeri formidine dextram?

Per Ripam æstivam vel aquosi gramina prati
Diversam jactant foliorum millia formam:
Natali contenta Solo securaque florent,
Texere nec discunt, operamve insumere curant;
Illa tamen clarè ardescunt, ridentque superbam
Pauperiem nostræ vestis, luxumque minorem.
Cincta magis nitido flavent Verbascula cultu,
Quàm Velum, pectus quod adultæ Virginis ambit;
Fulgidiorque Rubor clarescit in ore Rosarum,
Quàm fluitante novi suffusus firmate Sponsi.
Aspice Liliolam, cui splendor humillimus agris;
Cedere si possit Ratione Superbia victa,
Ipse etiam factæ certamine *DAVIDE* natus,
Ipse minùs fulget, folio sublimis in aureo,
Indutus Trabeam & veneranda Insignia regni,
Quæsitumque decus; quàm Flosculus iste, decora
Simplicitate nitens, nudoq; illustris honore.

In-

Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raife this to Strength, and ficken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Sensitive*, should move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the Neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thousand Stalks their various Blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breast,
A fairer Red stands blushing in the Rose,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Vestment flows.
Take but the humblest *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reason yield
It must by sure Comparison be shown,
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID'S Son,
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r.

Indigenam undarum gentem scrutemur, Amici,
 Quo generet more & respiret muta Caterva;
 A plebe exigua, quæ lubrica labitur amne
Jordani, sine honore natans, sine nomine turba,
 Ipsam ad Balænam, quæ vexans æquora saltu,
 Mole ruens ingenti immania corpora volvit,
 Irridetque Notum, exercetque in Turbine lusus.
 Protinus, inverso mutatis sedibus anno,
 Ut migrant omnes audaciter, agmine facto,
 Fluctibus ex strictis, rigidique horroribus Axis,
 Tendentes illuc, ubi ridet amicior aer.
 Sollicitam ut stimulat sua cuique Scientia curam
 Conciliare finus aptos, lymphasque, cibosque,
 Semina complecti, teneramque attollere prolem.

Explorem aerias Gentes, ut quæque struendo
 Colligit instrumenta suis accommoda Nidis;
 Fingit opus, quale humani vis summa cerebri
 Mutabit frustra, vanaque imitabitur arte.
 Ut brevibus sobolem tentare volatibus audent,
 Discipulo implumi cantus referente paternos.
 Cur hoc planitie, sylva Genus illud oberrat:
 Cur Tellus proprium sortita est singula fastum.
 Ardua Grus, sinuansque fugam quò cedit Hirundo,

Ut

Of Fishes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
 How the mute Race engender, or respire;
 From the small Fry that glide on JORDAN'S Stream
 Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
 To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
 Immense rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
 And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempest plays.
 How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
 From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
 To Southern Climes directing their Career,
 Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
 How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
 To chuse their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
 To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
 Proper Materials for her Nest can find,
 And build a Frame, which deepest Thought in Man
 Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
 How in small Flights They know to try their Young,
 And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
 Why these frequent the Plain, and those the Wood,
 Why ev'ry Land has her specific Brood.
 Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,

Fear-

Ut fugiant Borea fera bella, nivaeque ruentes;
 An sese in latebris saxorum altisque recondant
 Arboribus, somne per tempora certa sepulta;
 An propiore Maelo trepidantes, præpete penha
 Mollius ad Coelum, placidasque ferantur ad oras.

Disceatque Becosumque Insectorumque vagantam
 Mirandum ingenium, variisque ex ordine Gentes;
 Seu fera, seu tractanda, Homini vel iniqua vel æqua,
 Quantum Illis sit Nobis, aut Nobis cognoscitur Illis.

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicumque studetis
 Natura arcanos intus penetras recessus,
 Unde Accedunt Apes se ferre audacibus alia
 Per mille ancipitesque vias, coelumque profundum.
 Unde fugit latentem visgo fragrantem paludem,
 Fæcundos visens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba, Mægor
 Molliferique expansa recludunt germina Flores.
 Unde indensatis tenebris & Sole cadentibus
 Scire potest opera finem advenire diurna;
 Quis docuit ventis pluvisque opponere pectus,
 Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus;
 Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
 Morigeras ressonis dantem tinnitibus aures?

Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows;
 If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
 In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
 Or conscious of the coming Evil, fly
 To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beasts and creeping Insects shall we trace
 The wondrous Nature, and the various Race;
 Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
 Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye studious, who pretend to see
 Far into Nature's Bosom, whence the Bee
 Was first inform'd her vent'rous Flight to steer
 Thro' tractless Paths, and an Abyss of Air,
 Whence She avoids the slimy Marsh, and knows
 The fertile Hills, where sweeter Herbage grows,
 And Hony-making Flowers their opening Buds disclose,
 How from the thicken'd Mist, and setting Sun
 Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
 Who taught Her against Winds and Rains to strive,
 To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
 And thro' the liquid Fields again to pass
 Dutious, and hark'ning to the sounding Brass?

And

Tuque aperi, Cessator iners, æstate serena
 Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aspera brumæ:
 Ire redire viam repetito sedula cursu,
 Exstruat ut cumulos; plenamque ubi carpfit aristam,
 Unde levi granum prærodit provida morfu,
 Nè, dum terra tegit, rursus radicibus actis,
 Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura?
 Conspicienda patent Insecti utriusque Labore
 Signa Animi manifesta, Ars provida, Spesque, Timorq;.

Jamq; age, flecte oculos, animumq; advorte, recenti
 Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muscamque renatam;
 Vermiculumque humilem, hesterno qui repere cæpit
 Vix sub Sole; tuos, Homo Res vilissima, Fratres.
 More Tui motusque cient, spirantque videntque,
 Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur:
 Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
 Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
 Ovaque dum pariunt, fætus promissa futuri,
 Fœcundosque ignes, viresque fatentur Amoris.
 Cuique sua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Vi&um,
 Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant;
 Sunt Membra & Nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,
 Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ postulat Usus;
 Tota licet parvum non æquet Fabrica granum. Quid

And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
 'Midst Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
 By constant Journies careful to prepare
 Her Stores; and bringing home the Corney Ear,
 By what Instruction does She bite the Grain,
 Lest hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
 It might elude the Foresight of her Care?
 Distinct in either Insect's Deed appear
 The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
 On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
 On the vile *Worm*, that Yesterday began
 To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
 Like Thee they breath, they move, they taste, they see,
 They shew their Passions by their Acts like Thee:
 Darting their Stings, they previously declare
 Design'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
 Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
 The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
 Each then has Organs to digest his Food,
 One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
 Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood, and Heart, and Brain,
 Life and her proper Functions to sustain;
 Tho' the whole Fabric smaller than a Grain.

Quid nostra exilis Ratio concedere possit
 Plus Cete immenso, turrito plus Elephanti,
 Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, Hydræ
 Cristatæ, caudamque flagellanti Crocodilo,
 Quam titulo & forma solum discrimen haberi,
 Ut sua cuique datur major structura minorve?

Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,
 Nunc amat effusum Spatium, nunc arctius optat:
 Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,
 Humani Sensûs modulo indignata teneri.
 Latius Objectum, seu se sublimius effert,
 Effigiem veram nescit comprehendere Visus:
 Sin minus evadat, perstrictum ludit ocellum;
 Confusæ tenebræ, aut lux indivisa videtur.
 Disperdunt variatam Æther atque Unda figuram;
 Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.

Dum sic delusa spe, protractoque labore
 Naturæ frustra sequimur venerabile numen;
 Illa sub oblecto sedet impercepta recessu;
 Circiter agglomerans se plurima fundit Imago,
 Formarumque immensa cohors, quas mystica Diva
 Ocyus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,

Ut

What more can our penurious Reason grant
 To the large *Whale*, or Castled *Elephant*,
 To those enormous Terrors of the NILE,
 The crested *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
 Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
 Each destin'd to a less, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
 Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract:
 Now forms her Work too small, now too immense,
 And scorns the Measures of our feeble Sense.
 The Object spread too far, or rais'd too high,
 Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
 Too little, it eludes the dazzl'd Sight;
 Becomes mixt Blackness, or unparted Light.
 Water and Air the varied Form confound;
 The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitless Hope, and weary Pain,
 We seek great Nature's Pow'r, but seek in vain;
 Safe sits the Goddess in her dark Retreat;
 Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
 And endless Shapes, which the Mysterious Queen
 Can take or quit, can alter or retain:

Cum volet abstrusis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, frænisque Hominis compescere Fastum.

Sævit adhuc mores immitis & effera Tigris,
Carceris impatiens, dentesque in vincla fatigat:
Oblato lymphæque & amico munere victus
Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repensans,
Frangere corpus avet, venasque haurire Magistri.
Dum fervor generosus Equi, viresque Cameli,
Imparibus faciles se sub juga mittere dextris,
Dant Equiti flectenda minacia fulmine colla,
Respondent stimulis, & fræni iussa capeffunt;
Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
Pondus amant Domini, & sumptis lætantur habenis.

Quinetiam Vulpes latè incommitata vagatur,
Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
Suspecta humani Generis vestigia vitans:
At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
Quanquam illi & species & forma fimillima Vulpis;
Horrentes vitat clivos vallesque reductas,
Calle pedes iterat trito, & sua tecta requirit;

As from our loft Pursuit She wills to hide
Her close Decrees, and chasten human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* still remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He seeks his Keeper's Flesh, and thirsts his Blood:
While the strong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horse*,
Restrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage submit,
And answer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On secret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverses the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likest that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
Refuses thro' these Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Pursues the noted Path, and covets home;

Does

Vultibus arridens notis, testatur amorem
 Blanditiis, manditque satur quod projicit Infans,
 Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magistrum.

• Cujusnam impulsu causæ propiore cientur,
 Ardua res, fateor, multis disquirere factis.
 Sunt alia interea, queis perspexisse videmur
 Principia Illorum nihilo discordia nostris;
 Nobiscum fugienda timent, optanda sequuntur;
 Toxica dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
 Oderunt & amant ad nostra exempla, sciuntque
 Gradari Sociis, Hostemque lacerare pugna.
 Quicquid agunt, animo prius instituisse videntur,
 Propositumque apto vestigant tramite finem.
 Scilicet ista errat latè Doctrina, moveri
 • Facta Hominum Ratione, Instinctu facta Ferarum.
 Nam quo jure licet diversas fingere causas,
 Cum simul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent?
 Quo Ratio Instinctu secerni limite possit?
 Dividit has Doctorum ignara superbia voces,
 Dum quæ scire nequit, metuit nescire fateri.

Haud minus insipiens Homo jactat Seque suumque
 Imperium, jussis Fera si parere recuset.

Dic

Does with kind Joy Domestic Faces meet;
 Take what the glutton Child denies to eat;
 And dying, licks his long-lov'd Master's Feet.

By what immediate Cause They are inclin'd,
 In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
 I see in others, or I think I see,
 That strict their Principles, and our's agree.
 Evil like Us they shun, and covet Good;
 Abhor the Poison, and receive the Food.
 Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
 To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
 With seeming Thought their Action they intend,
 And use the Means proportion'd to the End.
 Then vainly the Philosopher avers,
 That Reason guides our Deed, and Instinct their's.
 How can We justly different Causes frame,
 When the Effects entirely are the same;
 Instinct and Reason how can we divide?
 'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the same Folly sure, Man vaunts his Sway;
 If the brute Beast refuses to Obey.

For

Dic aĝe, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
 Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu;
 Nonne metu horrescit, ne fortior ira Leonis
 Fictitiæ legi sublatum opponeret unguem?
 Annon è Rostro trepidans Orator abiret,
 Porticibus subitò irrumpat si fortè reclusis
 Aut immanis Hyæna, aut spumans faucibus Urfus?

Pænitet incepti Pugnacem serò duelli,
 Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur ensis.
 Concita dum Zephyro fugit accelerante Carina,
 Serò recedentem respectat Navita terram.
 Sic serò cupimus contracto ducere fræno
 Ardua jam tentantem animum, & sublime volantem:
 Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri;
 Magna vocant, vastique ingens patet area campi.

Perpendas animo mecum spatia ætheris ampla,
 Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes.
 Sollicitus rogitò, qua causa pendulus Orbis
 Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.
 Cum reputo, quali Phæbus revolubilis igne
 Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur;
 De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes

Effu-

For tell me, when the empty Boaster's Word
 Proclaims himself the Universal Lord;
 Does He not tremble, lest the *Lion's* Paw
 Should join his Plea against the fancy'd Law?
 Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
 If in the Schools or Porches should appear
 The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
 When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
 When the swift Vessel flies before the Wind;
 Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
 And 'tis too late now back again to bring
 Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing:
 Forward She strives, averse to be withheld
 From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Consider with me this Ætherial Space,
 Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.
 Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penfile Ball
 Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall.
 When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
 Does round our Globe his crooked Journeys run;
 I doubt of many Lands, if they contain

D

Or

Effusæ pecudes campos, hominesve frequentent:
 Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat
 Sub nimium ardenti propioris lumine solis;
 An gens ulla ferat, septem subjecta trioni;
 Diram ursæ feritatem, æternaque vincula brumæ.

Prudentis sed nonne Dei suprema voluntas
 Cuique horum secreta potest concedere dona?
 Forsitán ardentes, quibus acrior imminet æstas,
 Lene fluens nobis ignota refrigerat aura;
 Fortè vident crebris lætantes imbribus agros,
 Exultantque novo sæcundi germinis ortu;
 Atque vices nostras lugent, quæis fata dederunt
 Obliquæ Cœlum toties mutabile Sphæræ;
 Ipsi dum certo redeuntem tempore Phæbum
 Aspiciunt, paribusque horis recreantur & ardent,
 Gaudentes propiore Die; semperque fruuntur
 Ignibus haud aliis, & tempestatibus isdem.
 Fortè etiam, qui sorte domos posuere remota
 Ultra *Tartariæ* diffusas latius oras;
 Qua parte, extensæ super æquora longa diei
 Sex fugiunt rutili porrecto tramite menses;
 Mox alii totidem penna nigrante feruntur,
 Quos densa horrentes obducunt nocte vapores;

For-

Or Herd of Beast, or Colony of Man:
 If any Nations pass their destin'd Days
 Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
 If any suffer on the Polar Coast,
 The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Frost.

May not the Pleasure of Omnipotence
 To each of These some secret Good dispense?
 Those who amidst the Torrid Regions live,
 May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
 See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirsty Earth,
 And bless the flow'ry Buds succeeding Birth?
 May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
 The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
 While by fix'd Laws, and with a just Return,
 They feel twelve Hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
 And praise the neighb'ring Sun, whose constant Flame
 Enlightens them with Seasons still the same?
 And may not Those, whose distant Lot is cast
 North beyond TARTARY's extended Waste;
 Where thro' the Plains of one continual Day,
 Six shining Months pursue their even Way;
 And Six succeeding urge their dusky Fight,
 Obscur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night:

Forte, inquam, Indigenæ, quos ista tulere locorum,
 (Quod tradant memores ventura in Sæcula fasti)
 Hunc nostrum assidue mutatis vultibus axem
 Postponunt propriis vicibus, totumque per annum
 Partibus ex æquo dimensis lucis & umbræ.
 Forfitan hunc Solem, stadiis redeuntibus actum,
 Contemnunt, tenuis contractum limite gyri,
 Mane citum, medioque ex æthere præcipitatum,
 Cum superest infecta operis pars magna diurni;
 Objiciant nostris quum gentibus, haud sine jure,
 Noctis iter subitum, lapsamque fugaciter umbram;
 Quod, graviter fessos quàm sat recreaverit artus
 Fæta salute quies, somni nec inutile donum;
 Ante resurgenti cum lumine cura resurgat
 Tædia relliquiasque hesterni ferre laboris:
 Cum, simul ipsorum Phæbus se pandat ocellis,
 Intrepidis animis semestri luce fruentes,
 Ad nemora inde procul secreta, lacusque remotos
 Non interruptos audent intendere cursus;
 Et piscaturam venatusque impete longo
 Indomiti exercent, indefessoque vigore.
 Et fugiente Dies ubi deferit æthera curru,
 Collectæque monent hyemem nigrescere nubes,
 Frugibus instanti pro tempestate coactis

Undi-

May not, I ask, the Natives of these Climes
 (As Annals may inform succeeding Times)
 To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
 Their own Vicissitude, and equal Share
 Of Day and Night, disparted thro' the Year?
 May they not scorn our Sun's repeated Race,
 To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
 Hast'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
 Half of our Daily Toil yet scarcely done?
 May they not justly to our Climes upbraid
 Shortness of Night, and Penury of Shade:
 That e'er our weary'd Limbs are justly blest
 With wholesom Sleep, and necessary Rest;
 Another Sun demands return of Care,
 The remnant Toil of Yesterday to bear?
 Whilst, when the Solar Beams salute their Sight,
 Bold and secure in half a Year of Light,
 Uninterrupted Voyages they take
 To the remotest Wood, and farthest Lake;
 Manage the Fishing, and pursue the Course
 With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
 And when declining Day forsakes their Sky;
 When gath'ring Clouds speak gloomy Winter nigh;
 With Plenty for the coming Season blest,

Undique, sex totos ducunt ex ordine menses,
 Discursu atque opera, strepitu & mærore soluti,
 Queis nostra assidui vexatur Scena laboris:
 Instaurant lautas, multa cum lampade, mensas,
 Et facili hospitio lætis gratantur Amicis;
 Aut dulces narrant Veneres (ea cura quietis
 Unica) dum pendent faciles circum ora puellæ;
 Deliciis aut elati, requievere supini,
 (Jucundis vicibus solidæ inter munera pacis)
 Diffusam celebrant longa caligine noctem
 Plena super pocula & lecti genialis honores.

Plurima qua Nautis audacibus Infula longè
 Panditur, hanc latam procul ultra diffita terram,
 Urfa rigens, maculisque aspersæ corpora Lynces
 Prædantur valles, sylvamque horroribus implent:
 Esuriens Crocodilus & Hydræ sibila colla
 Flumine turbato latitant, dumisque sub udis:
 Nec rudis ipse minùs brutis Homo, nec minùs asper
 Vallesque & sylvam, vepresque & flumina vexat.
 Hisne Viris atque his animalibus exit origo
 Illicis à stirpe, aut fæta telluris ab alvo?
 Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia nasci
 Frondifera in *Paradiso*, ortuque unius ADAMI?

Vel

Six solid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
 From all the Labor, Process, Clamor, Woe,
 Which our sad Scenes of daily Action know:
 They light the shining Lamp, prepare the Feast,
 And with full Mirth receive the welcome Guest:
 Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
 Which now they suffer) to the list'ning Fair;
 And rais'd in Pleasure, or repos'd in Ease
 (Grateful Alternates of substantial Peace)
 They bless the long Nocturnal Influence shed
 On the crown'd Goblets, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Isles which our Discov'ers find,
 Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd;
 The rugged *Bears*, or spotted *Lynx's* Brood,
 Frighten the Vallies, and infest the Wood:
 The hungry *Crocodile*, and hissing *Snake*
 Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
 And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beast,
 Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infest.
 Deriv'd these Men and Animals their Birth
 From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
 Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
 In E D E N's Shade, and one created Man?

Or

Vel ratibus primas, concede, legentibus oras
 Hanc istuc sobolem propiori à littore vectam:
 An populus, quorum à patria fluxisse putemus,
 Gentibus innocuis cædemque venenaque ferrent?
 An secum veherent Urfas Lynceasque carinis?
 Fæcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram?
 Nempe fore, ut fætam Crocodilen hospita tellus
 Acciperet, lætoque sinu nova monstra foveret.

Et quando agrestis penitus ducenda propago
 Servato à NoA, clarisque nepotibus exit;
 Unde patrum poterant labi de mente suorum
 Quas artes NoE vel quæ præcepta docebat,
 Condere semen humo, generosas ponere vites,
 Thuriferisque pias fanis advolvere flammæ?
 Dum vivit magni proles infæusta Parentis,
 Inscia vel Bacchum premere aut invertere glebam,
 Per valles clivosque famis solatia quærens,
 Arte carens omni, virtutem indocta DEUmq.

Deinde super maria ac terras quo more sequemur
 Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus?
 Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant;
 Particulæ rerum fluitant, stat Summa manetque.

Nem-

Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
 By coasting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
 Would Those, from whom We will suppose they spring,
 Slaughter to harmless Lands, and Poyson bring?
 Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
 Feed the *She-Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
 Or could they think the new Discover'd Isle
 Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And since the Savage Lineage we must trace
 From NoAH sav'd, and his distinguish'd Race;
 How should their Fathers happen to forget
 The Arts which NoAH taught, the Rules He set,
 To sow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
 And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
 While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
 Unpress'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
 Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in quest of Food,
 And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How shall We next o'er Earth and Seas pursue
 The vary'd Forms of every thing we view;
 That all is chang'd, tho' all is still the same,
 Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?

Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atque elementa fatemur,
 Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora constant,
 Quæque novas sumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans
 Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigescit;
 Diffusa, assurgit Sphæræ ulterioris in orbem,
 Et guttis sensim expansis fluit humidus aer.
 Particulæ hæ tenues rursus tolluntur in altum;
 Ardescunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem:
 Mox iterum iste ignis, crasso magis aere victus,
 Impulsusque deorsum, utero telluris in amplo,
 Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis;
 Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum:
 Aut penetrans venas per magnæ corpora matris
 Reliquias veteres alia sub imagine ponit;
 Infusa vires resolutas temperat unda
 Mollior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Divisa à notis rapiuntur flumina ripis,
 Immensumque ferent cumulata pondus arenæ,
 Merfa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corrosus edaci,
 Ventorumque minis, descendet ad usque jacentem
 Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit:
 Planities gradibus surget sublimior æquis,

Quam

Of those Materials, which have been confes'd
 The pristine Springs, and Parents of the rest,
 Each becomes other. Water stop'd gives Birth
 To Grass and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
 Diffus'd it rises in a higher Sphere;
 Dilates it's Drops, and softens into Air:
 Those finer Parts of Air again aspire;
 Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
 That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
 And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
 Alters it's Particles: is Fire no more;
 But lies resplendent Dust, and shining Oar;
 Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
 Changes it's Shape; put off it's old Remains;
 With wat'ry Parts it's lessen'd Force divides;
 Flows into Waves, and rises into Tides.

Disparted Streams shall from their Channels fly,
 And deep furcharg'd by sandy Mountains lye,
 Obscurely sepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
 And furious Wind, down to the distant Plain
 The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
 Shall fall: The Plain by slow Degrees shall rise

Quàm steterant olim suprema cacumina montis:
Sic Natura jubet; peraget, quod jusserit, Ætas.

Omnia sic fato lapsos mutante per annos
Aut levia aut onerosa, minuta aut grandia fiunt:
In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympha futuras,
*Pyramidum*que fluet diffusa per aera moles:
Pisonis fluctus ætas ventura requirit,
Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* signa Viator.

Hæ cum sæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur
Immota, tanquam naturæ jusserit ordo;
Ast ubi plus solito fors una vel altera surgat,
Magnificum incipiunt portenti ducere nomen.
Implicitos flexus mens indefessa sequatur,
Et ponat dubios operosa Scientia fines:
An nusquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum?
Alterutrum sumas; par forsitan error utrinque est.

Avulsum trunco ramum, effæctumque flagellum
Voce statim missa redivivas trudere frondes
An mirere magis, quàm summi culmina clivi
Vi brumæ spoliata altisque immersa pruinis,
Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,

Et

Higher than er'ft had flood the Summit-Hill:
For Time muft Nature's great Behefts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, fmall or great:
Thus JORDAN'S Waves fhall future Clouds appear;
And EGYPT'S *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age fhall ask for PISON'S Flood;
And Travellers enquire, where BABEL flood.

Now where we fee thefe Changes often fall,
Sedate we pafs them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought thefe clofe *Mæanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing fuch?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more ftrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December's* Froft, and white with Snow,
Should push, in Spring, ten thoufand thoufand Buds;
And

Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem?
 Æthere diviso, noctis redeuntibus umbris,
 Ambrosios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,
 An mirere magis, solito quàm pane recentes
 Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires;
 Et semen granumque, solo commissa fideli,
 Addere opes cumulis, & multiplicata renasci;
 Quæque manu parca fulcis modo sparsit arator,
 Mox onerare solum, lætasque effundere messes?

Quæ se cunque igitur dant sensibus obvia nostris,
 Seu vulgata palàm seu mira recondita rerum,
 Legibus à fixis naturæ sive solutis
 Proveniant, his perspectis id vincitur, omnem
 Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Causæ.
 Hinc certis gradibus se paulatim altius effert,
 Et longæ ascendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
 Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque necesse est
 Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque supremum,
 Quod stetit à primis, & in ultima sæcula stabit.

Hunc magnum monstrante DEUM Ratione magistra,
 Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte beatum;
 Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis

And boast returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
 That each successive Night from opening Heav'n
 The Food of Angels should to Man be giv'n;
 Is this more strange, than that with common Bread
 Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
 Than that each Grain and Seed consum'd in Earth,
 Raises it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;
 And from the handful, which the Tiller sows,
 The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harvest flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Sense produce
 Common and plain, or wond'rous and abstruse,
 From Nature's constant or Eccentric Laws,
 The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Inf'rence draws,
 That an Effect must presuppose a Cause.
 And while She does her upward Flight sustain,
 Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
 At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
 A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
 What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

This great Existence thus by Reason found,
 Blest by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:
 How can we bind or limit His Decree,

By

Limitibus nostri audemus comprehendere sensus?
 Ergone congestis volvuntur cuncta sub undis
 Ultra explorati confinia diffita mundi?
 An DEUS, è tenebris nostrum qui sustulit orbem,
 Hos fluctus aliam jussit secernere terram;
 Venturis olim scindenda laboribus arva,
 Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes?
 Ante revolventis quàm cursus lubricus ævi
 Exactis stadiis ter mille peregerit orbis;
 Fortè ruent nostri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
 Occiduasque artes fascesque ferentur ad oras.

Quà feror ingenti perculsus imagine? quæ Lux
 Tanta ferit sensus? quò sacro rapta furore
 Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albescere cerno
 Æquora per longè subiecta? En! Infula, sedes
 Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;
 Justitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
 Hic sedes posuere suas; hæc maxima amatae
 Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulsit munera terræ.
 Ad Zephyros etiam ulterius magnam Infula famam
 Occidua effundit; classes victricibus armis
 Instruclas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
 Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.

In-

By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may see?
 Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water lost,
 Beyond the Islands, and the Mid-land Coast?
 Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
 Sever'd those Waters by some other Earth,
 Countries by future Plow-shares to be torn,
 And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
 E'er the progressive Course of restless Age
 Performs Three thousand times it's Annual Stage;
 May not our Pow'r and Learning be suppress'd;
 And Arts and Empire learn to travel West?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
 Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
 Ascends my Soul? what sees She White and Great
 Amidst subjected Seas? An *IsLE*, the Seat
 Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
 For Justice and for Mercy fought and known;
 Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
 From thence to this distinguish'd Nation giv'n;
 Yet farther West the Western *IsLE* extends
 Her happy Fame: her Armed Fleets She sends
 To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
 And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.

F

F

From

Inter utrosque polos audit resonantia facta,
 Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
 Intrepidas ducit naves, & carbasa pandit
 Intra alios secura *Indos* Orbemque secundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo se nomine quondam
 Jactabit) belloque diù famaue vigebit;
 Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
 Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras:
 Extensos felix venerandaque stabit in annos,
 Incertæque vices rerum immutata videbit.
 Cedent cuncta tamen communi subruta fato;
 Ipsa augusta, ingens, morti, licet ultima, cedit.

Jamque oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
 Cærulei Coeli magna in convexa levemus:
 En! quale aulei fluitantis more patescit,
 Nunc matutino pictum variumque rubore;
 Luce super media flavo velamine fulgens,
 Nigro indutum horrore per alta silentia noctis.
 Unde umbra & lumen certo discrimine surgunt
 Alternis? unde hos varios trahit Æthra colores?
 Quid dux illa animi Ratio plus reddere possit,
 Quam Solem rutilo diffundere lumina Coelo,

Et

From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
 And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
 Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
 In other INDIES, and a second World.

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
 Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:
 Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
 The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
 Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
 Of human Things least changeable, least vain.
 Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
 And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
 To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
 Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
 Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
 Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
 And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.
 Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
 And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
 Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
 Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;

Et radiis inde amotis affurgere hostem,
Splendoremque novum reduces accendere flammis;

Sed frustra Auroræ roseum speramus amictum;
Velârunt imbres, aut incubuere vapores;
Speramus frustra solita flavedine spargi
Lucis iter medium; aut tempestas ingruit atra,
Aut subitum emicuit fulgur. Nunc horrida densis
Nox cœlo incumbit tenebris, sæcunda timorum;
Gaudia nunc eadem parit, attonitique videmus
Innumeras Stellas, æternaque lumina Mundi.
Maturate, senes, totasque intendite vires
Ingenii, & multo tandem sudore repertas
Narrate aerias resolutas usque columnas,
Circuitusque undarum, & torta volumina fumi.
Dat Responsum alias voces, frustra que refartum
Quassa novis fulcit compagibus Argumenta;
Dissimili sub veste latens Ænigma recurrit;
Quærentemque eludit inextricabilis Error.

En! Sol indomitus robusti more Gigantis
Immenso varios rotat orbe volubilis orbes,
Dum duplici vehitur cursu; tamen ordine certo
Mutaturque dies, finisque imponitur Anno.

Mox

Than that Night rises from his absent Ray,
And his returning Lustre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obscur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Lightning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night sometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joy and Wonder sometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights:
Send forth, Ye Wise, send forth your lab'ring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Momeht broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and scaffolding of Words:
In other Garb my Question I receive;
And take the Doubt the very same I gave:

Lo! as a Giant strong the lusty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Course, yet constant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finishing the Year.

Again

Mox ubi decursu pronus redit æthere, blandum
 Tempus agens fessis; placidaque involvitur umbra
 Terra filens; tacitum dat Luna alterna nitorem,
 Languidulumque diem radiis diffundit amicis:
 Ipsa tamen certis, mutabilis ora, recurrit
 Legibus, & iustos observat menstrua cûrsus.
 Quisque Planetarum proprio revolutus in orbe
 Libratis fertur splendenti tramite pennis:
 Quisque sua vixitum jactat pro sorte nitorem,
 Er regit inclusos diviso in limite currus;
 Dumque volans aditum super arva liquentia scindit,
 Alterius neque vim confert neque detrahît alis.
 Anne hi splendent vero fulgore Planetæ?
 An sua quemque dies illustrat & insitus ardor?
 An verum est, quod jam vestri explicuere labores,
 Observare omnes Solem, atque hoc ducere fontis
 Furtivos radios, & non sua mittere tela?

Millia quinetiam Stellarum millia cerno,
 Quas neque lineolæ cohibent, neque quadra, nec orbes;
 (Heu! normæ tenues, finitæ copia mentis,
 Cum feritur, vel aratur humus, cum condimus ædes.)
 Luce tamen diffusa adeo variaque refulgent,
 Quanta manum loquitur, quæ finxerat, Infinitam.

Quam

Again when his descending Orb retires,
 And Earth perceives the Absence of his Fires;
 The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
 And with kind Beams distributes fainter Day:
 Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
 Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
 Each Planet shining in his proper Sphere,
 Does with just Speed his radiant Voyage steer:
 Each sees his Lamp with different Lustre crown'd:
 Each knows his Course with different Periods bound;
 And in his Passage thro' the liquid Space,
 Nor hastens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
 Now shine these Planets with substantial Rays?
 Does innate Lustre gild their measur'd Days?
 Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have shown)
 Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
 All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I see ten thousand thousand Stars,
 Nor cast in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
 (Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
 When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
 But shining with such vast, such various Light,
 As speaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:

How

Quam forma exilis, quam gloria parva videtur
 Humani ingenii summo quæsitâ labore,
 Si juxtâ spectatur amabile consonus ordo,
 Quem Natura jubet, Ratuit quem Spiritus orbis!

Si verò in nostras descendat mitibus oras
 Vivida vis Solis, nimito neque torreat igne;
 Ardoris sese extendit pars quantula sphaëris
 Divisis longe spatîo, cœloque remoto?
 Stellarumque, acies nostri quas languida vîsus
 Æterno fixas cœli sub fornice cernit,
 Quæque suis opibus, nativo & dives honore,
 Fortè vibrat validos propriis de fontibus ignes,
 Sol Ipsa; atque alios orbes, oculisque negatas
 Humanis, lustrat diffuso lumine terras.
 Forsitàn & fuso circum æthere cornua Lunæ
 Diminuunt reparantque novæ, surguntque caduntque;
 Atque alia hos circum volvuntur Sydera Soles,
 Quæ nostræ in morem telluris femina certis
 Fætibus apta ferunt, regionesque ordine certo
 Divisas, terrasque suas, suaque æquora norunt.
 Hi tamen ardentes adeò radicibus Orbes,
 Clara receptacula, & fecundi lumine fontes,

How mean the Order and Perfection sought
 In the best Product of the human Thought,
 Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
 In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun on Earth transmits his Ray,
 Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a Day;
 How small a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
 To Orbs more distant, and remoter Heav'n?
 And of those Stars, which our imperfect Eye
 Has doom'd and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
 Each by a native stock of Honor great,
 May dart strong Influence, and diffuse kind Heat,
 It self a Sun; and with transmissive Light
 Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
 Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
 New Moons may grow or wane, may set or rise;
 And other Stars may to those Suns be Earths;
 Give their own Elements their proper Births;
 Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
 See their Lands flourish, and their Oceans roll;
 Yet these great Orbs thus radically bright,
 Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,

Inter se alternis possunt (ut quisque profundo
 Ætheris in gremio propiusve aut longius absit)
 Igne minore Astrum vel nobiliore videri;
 Altoque in Spatio, cui cœlum nomen & aer,
 Mille simul Terræ, Lunæ, Solesque latere
 Immenfi, quos nostra incassum lumina quærunt.

Necquicquam effusum spatiis crescentibus orbem
 Metiri, aut certum meditamur ponere centrum;
 Sphæra ingens se expandit adhuc, nescitque teneri
 Limite vel ficto, mentemque irridet inanem.

Quò tot diffugere igitur radiantia Monstra,
 Quêis vestri attonitum conceptus æthera complent?
 Effigies vanæ qua mundi in parte manebunt?
Chaldæi nempe in cerebro, pictisque tabellis.

Hoc Problema tamen, quod Opinio parturit ægra,
 Progeniem Veri fas sit concedere; Stellas
 Has cœli nitidas, quæ sic terrentque juvantque
 Mirantes oculos, trepidos lætosque tuendo,
 Esse orbis modulo numeroque & fine carentes.
 An verò hi pandunt radios, sphærasque revolvunt,
 Nempè tibi ut placeant, tibi lucis munera præstent,

Nil

May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
 Makes or their Distance, or their Height appear)
 Be seen a nobler, or inferior Star;
 And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
 Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
 Unmeasur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We measure this amazing Sphere,
 And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
 Whilst it's Circumf'rence, scorning to be brought
 Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquish'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monsters* driv'n,
 With which your Gueffes fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
 Where will their fictitious Images remain?
 In Paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN's Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guefs,
 Let Us for once a Child of Truth confefs;
 That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
 And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
 Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite:
 But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
 Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?

Nil nisi pulvis, Homo; conclusus corporis arcto
 Limite, curriculoque ævi brevior coactus?
 Jure pari minima in terris Formicula jactet
 In sua *Caucaseum* vestigia surgere Clivum:
 Sic Limax, magnos *Lebani* se extendere saltus,
 Quêis ipse incedat latè, & sibi colligat escam:
 Sic tenuissima Concha, inhians in littoris ora
 Latè exporrecti circum vasta æquora, dicat,
 Eminens incultum pendere per aera saxum,
 Ipsa equidem fundo ut lateat securior imo;
 Oceanique omnes pariter concurrere vires,
 Ut levet ipsa fitim, testamque agitata nitescat.

Intrepidis Dea se rapiens sublimius alis
 Corporeos orbes, Cœlumque locale relinquit:
 Quêis formata animis Superùm gens pristina, quærit,
 Aut ubi sint campi quos incoluere creati.
 Impavido MICHAELI audacia LUCIFER arma
 (Sic sancti memorant antiquo carmine Vates)
 Opposuit, Cherubisque ausi concurrere, telis
 Tela adversa tulere & scuta minantia scutis:
 Plaudit ovans Cœlum, tremuitque doloribus Orcus.
 Hæ quænam formæ, quas vestra volumina narrant?
 Ut stabat bene fida, ut perfida turma peribat!

Hæc

Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,
 A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!
 As well may the minuteft Emmet say,
 That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
 The Snail, that LEBANON'S extended Wood
 Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food;
 The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
 That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
 The craggy Rocks projects above the Sky,
 That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
 And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
 Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
 Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
 Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
 That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
 For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought
 (I offer only what Tradition taught)
 Embattl'd Cherub against Cherub rose;
 Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppose:
 Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
 What were these Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
 How some fought great, and others recreant fell?

These

Hæc damnata pati diros fine fine labores,
 Numinis æternum exilium, longasque catenas;
 Horrendis vicibus miseros vexare lacertos,
 Per liquidum sudans sulphur, solidosve per ignes:
 Altera primævæ dum surgit ad atria lucis,
 Delicias inter vivas, à fonte fluentes
 Æterno, quorum rara intervalla voluptas
 Tempestate gravi patitur, veneranda JEHOVÆ
 Cum mandata vocant vindictæ effundere nimbum
 Atroce in Regis stomachum, Populumque rebellem:
 Aut magni trepidanda refigere jussa TONANTIS,
 Et narrare manu lapsuras fulminis iras,
 Cum ponit supplex animos fastumque Tyrannus,
 Et plorat Populus lacrimosa in veste rebellis.
 Quî Superi possint cœlorum in limite claudi?
 Quî cerni Facies, finis quam nulla coerces?
 Summa vel ima DEUS, tenet hæc, tenet ista locorum?
 Omnia qui finxit, nonne omnia numine complet?
 O! ubi nigra cohors talem scrutabitur umbram,
 Tam spissam tenebris, Lumen quæ fallat acutum,
 Sublimem Autorem visus, oculique Parentem?

Angelus interea quid creditur esse? videtur
 Mens pura? an solidum corpus, seu mollior aer?

Men-

These bound to bear an everlasting Load,
 Durance of Chain, and Banishment of God;
 By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
 To swim in sulph'rous Lakes, or land on solid Fire:
 While Those exalted to primæval Light,
 Excess of Blessing, and Supreme Delight,
 Only perceive some little Pause of Joys
 In those great Moments, when their God employs
 Their Ministry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
 On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
 Or to reverse JEHOVAH's high Command,
 And speak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
 When to his Duty the proud King returns;
 And the Rebellious State in Ashes mourns.
 How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
 Or view that Presence, which no Space can bind?
 Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
 He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
 O how can wicked Angels find a Night
 So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
 Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now, of Angel when I hear;
 Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?

Spi-

Mentes nulla operum nisi mentibus apta secutæ,
 Pectoribus nostris faciles, animisque propinquæ,
 Internos tantum motus sub corde cierent,
 Se neque subjicerent externo luminis igni.
 Nonne autem nostri quondam novere Parentes
 Esse illis sensumque dapum, cumque artibus ossa?
 Ni foret, ABRAMUS fessos potuitne lavare,
 Aut SARA jucundis epulis lenire palatum?
 Surgeret unde timor? quò LOTI audacia, captos
 Eripere, & sævum membris arcere furorem?
 Quo more ingressus certamina vera JACOBUS
 Luctantis Seraphini ictus persensit iniquos?
 Qua vi Materiæ potuit se opponere Forma,
 Aut Anima exilis mortalia tangere Membra?

Aere densato constant, radiisve coactis?
 Unde igitur flectuntque animos, & nostra per auras
 Vota ferunt? ipsos levibus ludibria ventis
 Spargeret aufter agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.

An credam indutos (ut sacro carmine fertur)
 Materiem veram, solidasque ad corpora vires?
 Quî fit (quandoquidem nos æqua sorte potitos
 Numen idem circum expansis complectitur alis)

Ipsis

Spirits to Action spiritual confin'd,
 Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind;
 Should only act and prompt us from within,
 Not by external Eye be ever seen.
 Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
 That these had Appetite, and Limbs, and Bone?
 Else how could ABRAM wash their weary'd Feet;
 Or SARAH please their Taste with sav'ry Meat?
 Whence should they fear? or why did LOT engage
 To save their Bodies from abusive Rage?
 And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
 Feel or resist the wrestling Angel's Might?
 How could a Form its Strength with Matter try?
 Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
 How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
 By stronger Blasts still subject to be tost,
 By Tempests scatter'd, and in Whirlwinds lost?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
 Substances real, and existing Frames?
 How comes it, since with them we jointly share
 The great Effect of one Creator's Care;

Ipsis fortia adhuc florescere lætaque membra,
 Dum nostri languent pereuntque doloribus artus?
 Cur, Nobis sub valle diu læstantibus ima
 Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,
 Ipsi perpetuæ producant munera vitæ
 Mellifluos inter caritus scenasque virentes?

dum,
 Mens vaga dum latum circumspicit undique Mun-
 Agnoscitque, Nihil se efferre in lumina posse;
 Dum surgit paulatim, atque ordine singula lustrat,
 Percurrit valles pictas, clivosque feraces
 Umbrarum; fontes vivos, minerasque repentes,
 Augustum *Thamesin*, sæcundaque flumina *Nili*;
 Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudesque ferasque,
 Seu saltus & prata colant, seu littoris oras;
 Et mare qui tranant vastum, quique ætheris auras,
 Pinnigerum alatumque gregem; Vermemque pusillum,
 Terrarum imbellem Dominum, sub corpore parvo
 Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
 Jamque superne volans Coeli convexa tuetur,
 Ætheraque expansum, quem cæcula gloria vestit
 Effusum ingenti spatio, noctisque per umbram
 Innumerae complent immenso lumine Stellæ;
 Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui insignibus aucti,

That whilst our Bodies ficken, and decay,
 Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
 Why, whilst We struggle in this Vale beneath,
 With Want and Sorrow, with Disease and Death,
 Do They more bless'd perpetual Life employ
 On Songs of Pleasure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World survey'd,
 And found, that Nothing by it self was made;
 When Thought has rais'd it self by just Degrees,
 From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
 From smoaking Min'rals, and from rising Streams;
 From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;
 From all the Living, that four-footed move
 Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
 From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
 Thro' the Aerial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
 From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
 That miserable Master of the Whale;
 From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
 This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
 With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd Light;
 From Effences unseen, Celestial Names,

Ordine quisque suo, propter Solia ardua, fide
 Grande satellitio stipant latus OMNIPOTENTIS;
 Perque omnem rerum seriem, longamque catenam,
 Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui semina vitæ
 Infudit Toti, legesque & fœdera sanxit:
 Qui (Vox quippe operi par est, factoque Voluntas)
 E nihilo iussit pulcrum consurgere Mundum;
 Sæculaue evolvens tanquam spatia arcta diei,
 Instituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
 Et Solem Lunamque suos agnoscere cursus.
 Ille utero à cæco emisit revolvibile Tempus,
 Præscriptoque dedit vestigia flectere gyro:
 Ipse suæ gestans tanquam per concava dextræ,
 Ingentis Domini iussa observare paratum,
 Mundi grande Penu, quæ se mensesque diesque
 Effusæque horæ, & breviores temporis omnes
 Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde hæc amplius extant.
 Ipse idem & primus rerum & postremus, adinstar
 Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam
 Hanc sphæram effinxit, iussitque effulgere, qualem
 Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.
 At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum;
 Et sacrum illud opus, stellatum, illustre Volumen
 Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis:

Enlight'ning Spirits, and ministerial Flames,
 Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
 All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns :
 Lift we our Reason to that Sov'reign Cause, [Laws;
 Who blest the whole with Life, and bounded it with
 Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
 His Will and Act, His Word and Work the same;
 To whom a thousand Years are but a Day;
 Who bad the Light her genial Beams display;
 And set the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way: }
 Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
 Primæval, order'd his predestin'd Course:
 Himself, as in the Hollow of his Hand,
 Holding, obedient to His high Command,
 The deep Abyss, the long continu'd Store, [pour
 Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes }
 Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more. }
 This ALPHA and OMEGA, First and Last,
 Who like the Potter in a Mould has cast
 The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the Eyes of Sense and Reason see;
 Yet if He wills, may change or spoil the whole:
 May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry Roll,
 And burn it, like an useless parchment Scroll: }

May

Terramque extemplò, divulsam à sedibus imis,
 Fluctibus ut fervent tumidis liquefacta metalla,
 Ignibus undantem diffundere ----
 Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
 OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
 Dixit; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
 Cum statuet, jubeat, cessabunt esse: verendum
 Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
 Hoc ingens sacrumque æterna in sæcula Nomen;
 Hunc juvat enarrare DEUM. ----

Mirati mea verba, Senes fluere; stupentes
 Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
 Respondere nihil, nihil ausi efferre; pudorem
 Turba filens celare cupit, proditque silendo.
 Dum quidam, gravitas cui vestiit ora serena,
 Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cæpit;
 Ulteriùs non posse animi contendere vires,
 Discere quàm nostræ felicia dogmata vocis;
 Esse mei, dictare; sui que, attendere dictis;
 Me cunctis simul Imperio Ingenioque priorem;
 Gentesque attonitas uno fremere ore, disertum
 Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.
 Genua alter flexit, facturus verba; futura

May from it's *Basis* in one Moment pour
 This melted Earth ----
 Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
 Who sole in Pow'r, at the Beginning said;
 Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
 And it was so ---- And when He shall ordain
 In other Sort, has but to speak again,
 And They shall be no more: Of this great Theme,
 This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlasting Name,
 This GOD, I would discourse ----

The learned Elders sat appall'd, amaz'd;
 And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
 Nor Speech They meditate, nor Answer frame:
 Too plain, alas! their Silence spake their Shame:
 'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
 And Turn superior to the vulgar Herd,
 Began; that Human Learning's furthest Reach
 Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
 That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
 For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did sway;
 And the astonish'd World in Me beheld
 MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE'S Son excell'd.
 Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;

Fore-

Sæcula prospexit nostrum venerantia nomen;
 Prudentum ô vivas Tu Prudentissime, dixit;
 Nil oriturum aliàs, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii sæcunda parens, ô pestis Honesti
 Suadela artificis linguæ! tua semina dira,
 Tempestate parùm fausta dextraque nefanda,
 Luxuriante solo Virtutis sparsa, repentè
 Viribus exauctis culta inter splendida surgunt,
 Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Interea cruciata animos sine honore Caterva,
 Scrutanti mihi muta, ferens ad sydera laudes
 Altius insonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
 Aut quæ sic extant, ultrò nescire fatetur,
 Plurima qui novit; sed cernunt temporis omnes
 Scilicet occulti fatum, eventusque futuros.

Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophistæ
 Committas verborum acies & inania bella.
 At non *Rabbini*, *Logici* non cedere nôrunt;
 Usque recedentes certant; campoque relicto
 Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,

Forefaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
 O Live, faid He, thou Wifeft of the Wife!
 As None has equall'd, None fhall ever rife
 Excelling Thee -----

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeft Deeds,
 Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
 In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
 Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
 With rifing Pride amidft the Corn appear,
 And choak the Hopes and Harveft of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
 Mute to my Questions, in my Praifes loud,
 Echo'd the Word: whence Things arofe, or how
 They thus exift, the Apteft nothing know:
 What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
 All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleft fee.

My Prophets, and my Sophifts finish'd here
 Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
 Not fo my *Rabbins*, and *Logicians* yield:
 Retiring ftill they combat: from the Field
 Of open Arms unwilling they depart,

Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem.
 Diversis eadem linguis narrare laborant;
 Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum
 Exponunt; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
 Artifices voces, & dissona verba Scholarum;
 Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
 Argutosque Sales Rationi opponere certant.

Nec mora, quin sese studia in contraria scindit
 Discors turba Senum: quod fortiter afferit Ille,
 Hic negat; hostili lingua sibi quisque vicissim
 Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut premit humanos Caligo miserrima Sensus!
 Quisque novus falsa Specie prætexitur Error,
 Palantesque incerta eludit lucis imago.

Gens hominum infelix! vestri ex quo sanguinis Autor
 Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram;
 Ut labem primi soboles imitata Parentis
 Ejusdem repetit veteris vestigia culpæ!
 Turpe patet nimium nudatæ infamia Mentis;
 Cur ita diffusum quærens celare pudorem
 Eloquii tibi vela paras, pictosque colores?

Blan-

And sculk behind the Subterfuge of Art;
 To speak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
 Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
 Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
 Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
 Ill-grounded Maxims by false Gloss enlarg'd,
 And captious Science against Reason charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
 The adverse Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
 And He at length the amplest Triumph gain'd,
 Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
 We erring still Excuse for Error find;
 And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! since first the blushing Sire essay'd
 His Folly with connected Leaves to shade;
 How does the Crime of thy resembling Race
 With like Attempt that pristine Error trace?
 Too plain thy Nakedness of Soul espy'd,
 Why dost Thou strive the conscious Shame to hide
 By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

Blandifluis verbis arridens ore sereno,
 Ægrum dixi animum placido sermone levare;
 Ast iterum tacitæ conversus in intima mentis,
 Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
 Multùm exploranti frustra Labor usque recurrit;
 Quæsi tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
 Lux nostri an Caligo animi; stant lancibus æquis:
 Tollitur hæc fursùm, deflectitur illa deorsùm.

Conscia jam demùm Ratio me agnoscere cogit,
 Nos bene scire nihil, dum plurima scire videmur.
 Heu! sequimur nubes, & tundimus aera; menti
 Accumulat curas pacis malefana cupido.
 Materiæ finesne datur transcendere Menti?
 Quisve mihi quid sit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat?
 Necquicquam ad cæcos aspirant Lumina tractus,
 Quos DEUS æterna jussit caligine volvi:
 Scrutator petit usque; sed effugit usque petitem.
 Pars ista exilis, quam nisu addiscimus ægro,
 Ulteriora sequi suadet, fallitque sequentem,
 Quodque latet, frustra Mens indagare laborat.
 Convulsum lacerat Sententia multa cerebrum:
 Mutantur mentes; tamen usque revertitur Error;
 Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.

Quam

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
 Own'd my Sick Mind by their Discourse reliev'd;
 But bent and inward to my Self again
 Perplex'd, these Matters I revolv'd; in vain.
 My Search still tir'd, my Labor still renew'd,
 At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
 Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid: [weigh'd.
 Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy

Forc'd by reflective Reason, I confess,
 That human Science is uncertain Guess.
 Alas! We grasp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
 Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
 Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
 Or who shall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
 In vain We lift up our presumptuous Eyes
 To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
 The Searcher follows fast; the Object faster flies.
 The little which imperfectly We find,
 Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
 To fruitless Search of Something yet behind.
 Various Discussions tear our heated Brain:
 Opinions often turn; still Doubts remain;
 And who indulges Thought, increases Pain.

How

Quam tenui clausa orbiculo Sapientia fudat !
 Perlustrat terras : sperat comprehendere coelum :
 Obscuras fessis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
 Nunc acri perculsa Diei luce vagatur ;
 Latèque expansi supremo à culmine tractas
 Vix, trepidante oculo, videt eminùs INFINITUM.

Pectore fige memor, sacro ex ardore sciendi,
 ADAMO prognate, tuos fluxisse dolores.
 Cur vano ulterius cursu tibi corda fatigas ?
 Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus ;
 Dum nisu eluso sudans, vacuoque labore
 Expetis ut vitam quæsitâ Scientia pandat ?
 Æterno à sacra depelleris Arbore fato,
 Quam circum ardescunt Gladii, CHERUBESQ; minantur.

How narrow Limits were to Wisdom giv'n!
 Earth She surveys: She thence would measure Heav'n:
 Thro' Mists obscure, now wings her tedious Way:
 Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
 And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
 Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is lost.

Remember, that the curs'd Desire to know,
 Off-spring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.
 Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
 With empty Labour and eluded Strife
 Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
 For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
 Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.

How narrow Paths were to Wisdom given
 Earth She surveys: She thence would measure Heaven:
 Thro' Mists obscure, now wings her tedious Way;
 Now wanders dazed with too bright a Day;
 And from the Summit of a pathless Coast
 Sees Infinite, and in that Sight is lost.

Remember, that the curst Deity to know,
 Offspring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe,
 Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Pursuit,
 And rashly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
 With empty Labour and eluded Gains
 Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Bliss;
 For ever from that fatal Tree departing,
 Which fasting Swords and angry Churns guard.